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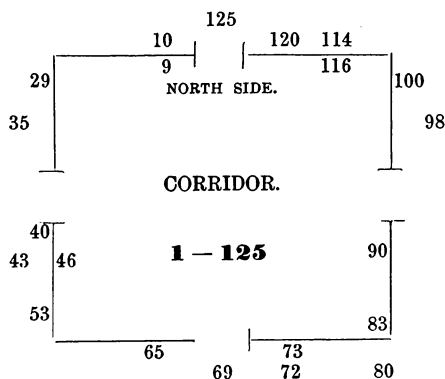
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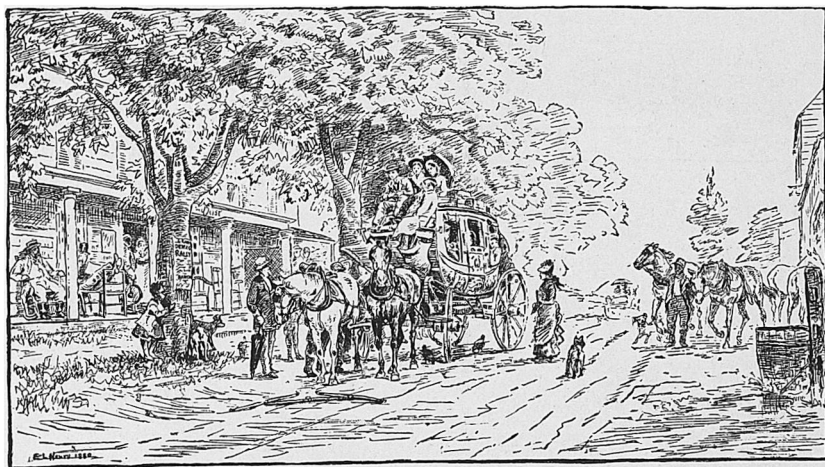
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NOTE.—The figures in the diagrams at the head of each chapter, show the position of the pictures on the walls; those hung on or above the "line" of sight are marked outside the diagram line; those hung below it are marked inside.

The dimensions given with the illustrations are in inches.



No. 10.

The Relay.

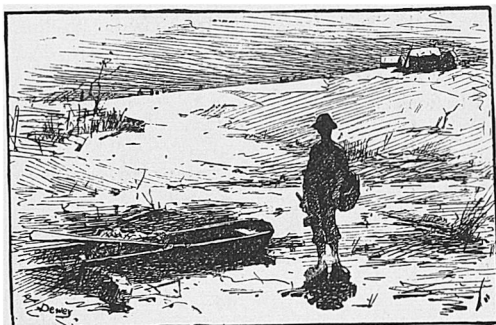
16½ x 30.

The Exhibition of 1881 is particularly interesting, not only on account of the exceptionally large amount of wall space covered—with great variety in subject and treatment—but because of an average excellence in the pictures much in advance of that of former exhibitions. There are not so many more paintings exhibited this year than last year, but there are more large, "ambitious" works, and they have taken so much of the space above the "line," that it was found necessary to hang many of the smaller pictures below it, and, even then, to open a new room for exhibition purposes on the first floor of the building.

Upon reaching the head of the stairs, in the Corridor the visitor faces

No. 10, *The Relay*, by E. L. HENRY, N.A., which pictures a scene familiar to those who have traveled by the American stage-coach. It is midday, and at this point the coach has stopped for a change of horses, the travelers, meanwhile, being given an opportunity to take dinner. The horses being unhitched seem to appreciate the fact that their part of the journey is over, and the other horses, being brought forward, come not altogether willingly. There is the usual group of curious persons gathered around—the little colored girl, who is breathlessly admiring “the fine ladies,” being especially conspicuous. The picture is very faithfully painted throughout.

Just below it is No. 9. *Ebb Tide*.—C. M. DEWEY.

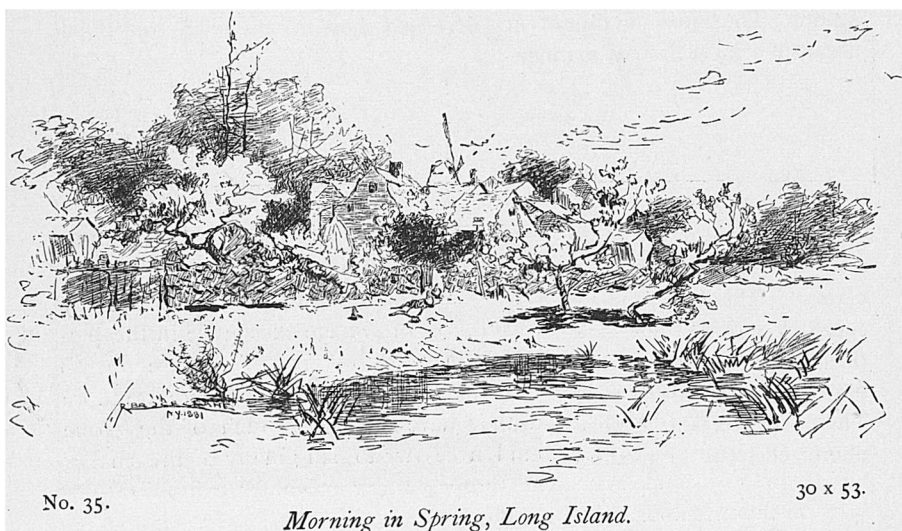


No. 9.

16 x 24.

The tide has gone out, leaving little pools of water in the depressions of the shore, and an old fishing-boat stuck in the sand. The man in the foreground, ready to go out and dig clams, awaits his companions. The sandy shore, capped by fishermen's shanties, is excellently painted,

and there is a fine effect of light.



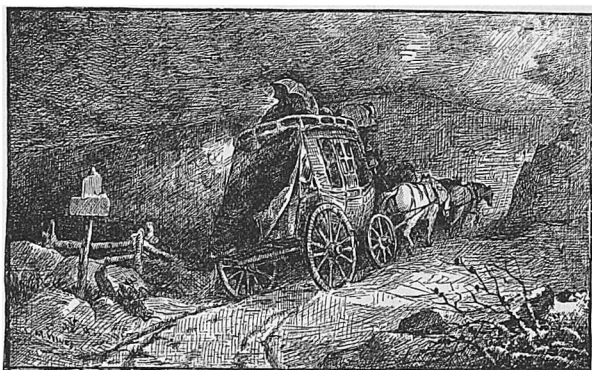
No. 35.

30 x 53.

Morning in Spring, Long Island.

No. 35. *A Morning in Spring, Long Island.*—R. BRUCE CRANE.

A large landscape in a gray key, painted very much after the manner of the French school. The picture shows the outskirts of a village, with quaint old houses, such as may be seen in the neighborhood of Easthampton. Some apple trees in bloom are charmingly treated, and the work, as a whole, is strongly effective.



No. 29.

24 x 40.

No. 29. *The Mountain Road.*—L. M. WILES.

The horses slowly struggle along, half blinded by the strong wind blowing in their faces, and the driver, with head bent down, has gathered his cloak about him closely, vainly trying to be comfortable in his exposed position. The snow is caught up, here and there, by the wind, and blown about in a most natural manner.

No. 43. *Shore of Long Island at Low Tide.*—D. M. BUNKER.

A number of men wading out in the water digging clams. The boat which came in at high tide, now that the tide has gone out has tipped over on its side. There is excellent atmospheric effect in the picture.



No. 43.

20 x 36.



No. 46.

20 x 26.

No. 46. *The Little Arcadians*.—E. LEON DURAND.

Three little children out in the forest all by themselves—for the time being, “little Arcadians”—without a thought of the world outside. They have just finished a simple lunch, and the tiny dishes lie on the ground beside them. Unconsciously, the little ones have become impressed by their surroundings—their lively, rollicking games have given place to a quiet season of restful contentment, of full enjoyment from within and without. They have come into perfect harmony with the Nature around them; the trees are their great, good friends, the flowers their sweet companions, and the wind that rustles the leaves seems to bring them whisperings from fairy lands. Deep poetic feeling abounds in the picture.



No. 53.

24 x 40.

No. 53, *On the Alert*, by M. J. BURNS, shows a party of mackerel fishers gently pulling along, watching a school of fish. It is necessary to be cautious and to cast the net at exactly the right moment. Mr. BURNS has made every man in the boat a realization of the title of the picture.

No. 65. *The Engagement Ring*.—A. T. BRICHER, A.N.A.—To the charming young woman coming down the walk by the river-side, there is nothing in all the exquisite landscape around her half so attractive as the significant golden circlet upon her fore-finger, which she is regarding with a great deal of tender interest. Some fortunate young man is to be congratulated—but, perhaps, congratulation would be more appropriately tendered to the artist who has been able to favor us with an introduction to the fair creature.



No. 65.

18 x 28.



No. 40.

30 x 36.

No. 40. *The Gates Ajar*.—JEROME THOMPSON, A.N.A.—A young woman, reclining upon a rock, is absorbed in the contemplation of a bright sunset. The cloud-pictures formed seem to give glimpses of the glories of a world beyond, and what is only suggested in the sky she fills out in her imagination, until the ideal appears, for the time, more actual than the real. The landscape was painted from a part of Gordon's Park, overlooking Lake Erie, not very far from the city of Cleveland.

No. 72. *Lois, the Witch*—Salem, 1692.—S. R. MacKNIGHT.

No. 72. 36 x 72.

Suggested by a story by Mrs. Gaskell. Lois, the daughter of an English clergyman, after the death of her father, being without relatives in England, came over to America to make her home with a Puritan uncle, whose family consisted of wife, son and two daughters. Lois, who was a charming girl, without intention on her part (for she had left a betrothed lover behind in England), became the object of the affections not only of her cousin, the son, but also of a lover of one of the daughters. This so excited the jealousy and hatred of mother and daughters, that, taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the excitement of the time, they accused her of witchcraft, had her imprisoned and she was finally hung. When her lover came over from England, he found only her grass-grown grave.



No. 125.

Sight size, 96 x 120.

No. 125. *La Resurrection de la Fille de Jaire*.—FRANK MOSS, Paris.

"And when He was come in, He said to them, 'Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.' * * * And He took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, 'Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.' And straightway the damsel arose and walked."

—*St. Mark*, v.: 35-43.



No. 90.

14 x 18.

No. 90. *The Rehearsal*, by WILLIAM MORGAN, A.N.A., is a charming bit of realism from one of America's most successful *genre* painters. Two little street waifs, in a shabby tenement room, are practicing for the duet calculated to bring in the pennies. The bright, sturdy little boy plays his flageolet with all the easy confidence of one who considers himself a master, while the wee, sweet-faced girl plays quite as earnestly, but with less confidence, tenderly bending over her violin, however, with a spirit of real devotion. The faces of the children are as yet unshadowed by sadness

and unmarked by the hard lines of care that so soon blight the countenances of street children. There is something of sunny Italy about them—in their faces and costume as well—and one can almost imagine that they have just arrived in the new World, and are rehearsing for their “first appearance” in our streets.



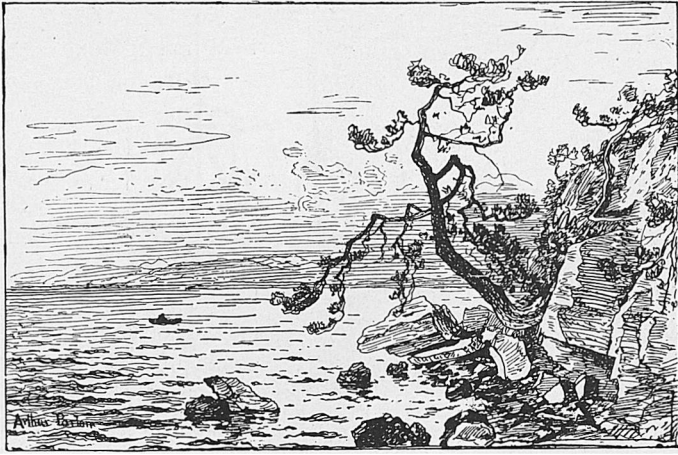
No. 73.

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10 x 14.

No. 73. *Forest Scene in Maryland*.—YOSHIDA KIYONARI.

A conscientious study of a bit of Maryland woods, by the Japanese Minister to the United States.

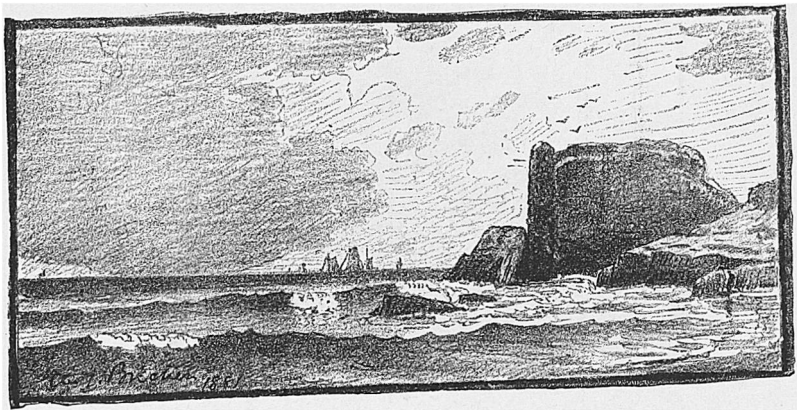


No. 98.

26 x 44.

No. 98. *The Shores of Lake Champlain.*—ARTHUR PARTON, A. N. A.

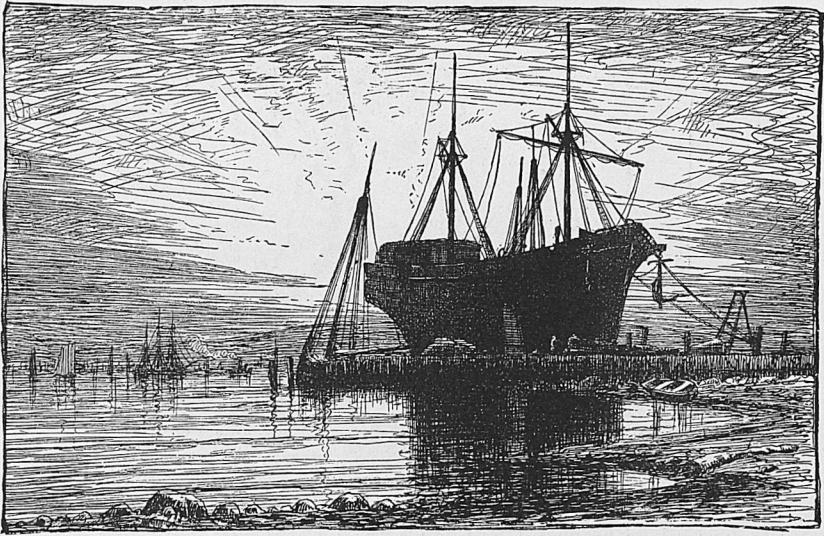
A view from Basin Harbor, on the Vermont side, of one of the widest parts of the lake, with a long stretch of the Adirondack Mountains opposite. Under the midday sun the water fairly glistens, so that it is almost dazzling to look upon it long. The characteristic roughness of the lake—often coming on suddenly and as quickly disappearing—is well realized, and the rocks along the shore, with the scraggy trees which have struggled for a foothold among them, are painted with a high degree of truthfulness.



No. 80.

20 x 40.

No. 80, *Castle Rock, Marblehead, Mass.*; a characteristic marine view by A. T. BRICHER, A. N. A., in which the idea of motion is well expressed in both clouds and sea.



No. 100.

23 x 36.

No. 100. *Sunset, Gowanus Bay.*—HENRY FARRER.

Gowanus Bay is a kind of Marine Hospital for maimed and crippled vessels. Near the centre of the picture is the hull of a large steamer, partly dismantled, which looms up against the bright sky, in which the sun is fast sinking behind the hills of Staten Island. The effect of the painting mainly depends upon its delicate gradations of light, and rich, glowing color.



No. 120.

19 x 30.

No. 120. *A South-side Lane, Long Island.*—CHARLES H. MILLER, N.A.

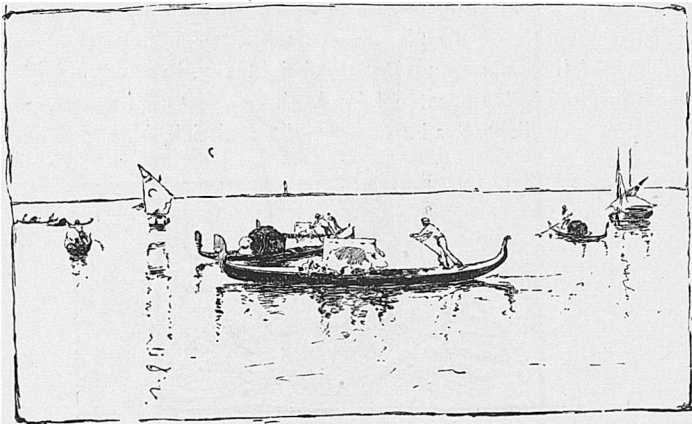
A picturesque bit of scenery, near the artist's summer home at Queens, L. I., that embodies the æsthetics of familiar scenes, interesting to the real lover of Nature on account of very familiarity



No. 114.

20 x 30.

No. 114. "*Which is the right road?*" by G. H. McCORD, shows a traveler stopping at a weather-beaten, half-ruined farm-house to ask his way. The old homestead, from which the picture was painted, was built in 1790, on the estate now owned by Henry Lewis Morris, at Mott Haven, N. Y. An interesting subject, well presented.



No. 116.

17 x 28.

No. 116. *Going and Coming.*—ROBERT BLUM.

A look out over the Venetian lagoon at midday, when a blue haze hangs over the water, giving a bluish cast to everything. Gondolas are "going and coming," some to Lido for its refreshing baths, some on business, others carrying tourists. In the foreground is a private gondola, as the gondolier's livery indicates, and beyond it are two red-sailed barks, slowly drifting with the tide, waiting for a breeze. In the extreme distance one of the many islands that cluster around Venice breaks the horizon line. The painting expresses the feeling of a dead calm on a hot day.

The larger paintings are generally considered from the side of the gallery opposite that upon which they are hung, and hence there is little attempt to follow the numbers in regular order.

No. 69, over the door leading into the South Gallery, is a large painting entitled *The Confessional*, by THEODORE WORES, Munich, which is worthy of consideration. Only a suggestion of it is given in the sketch.



No. 69.

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60 x 96.